

A Family Hunting Adventure...

It really all started with a single ker-plop. You see, we had been trying everything to get our three plus year old boy to get interested in potty training. Threats, pleading, bribery, toys, even candy...you name it and we offered it up for a clean, white diaper. No offer seemed to be more rewarding than his simple joy of playing tractors in the dirt and not having to stop playing to relieve himself. I was convinced that we were going to have to go to the Senior Prom to change a diaper or two.

Then, one day, it just happened. He walked up and said that he needed to, "go poo-poo in the potty."

Fair enough. All went smoothly, from the flush to the handwashing. Then came the kicker. "Dad, I am a big boy now and can poo-poo in the potty. When do I get to go hunting?"

It seems that in all of our pleading that some member of our family (maybe me or a couple of granddads) had promised a hunting trip once the diapers came up clean. Those little minds hear and grasp more than we ever know. They also rarely forget. I tried to explain that hunting season was over until next November, but it seems that, at three, the concept of time and government regulation are a little hazy. In other words, there was poop in the potty, so we were going hunting.

At this point, please avail yourself of the mental picture of a three year old traipsing through the woods with a high powered rifle, poaching deer. That would have been way less complicated than how things actually turned out.

We loaded up the kids, a couple of grandparents, ten bags of food, two ice chests of juice and chocolate milk, toy tractors, diapers, wipes, blankets, beds, and even a toy gun. Somehow we filled the Suburban and a trailer just for an overnight trip an hour away. If you have kids or grandkids, you know what I mean.

The weather was cold, windy, and crisp, perfect for a day of high-racking or walking the woods still hunting for Texas exotics. Neither would be the case for us. After unloading, the decision was made that an open air hunting vehicle would be too cold, so we removed the car seats and packed the SUV for a ride around the ranch. I now love car seats.

You cannot even imagine the cluster of activity that a one and three year old can cause while roaming freely around a Suburban. I was there and I couldn't believe it. Somehow, with four adults standing guard, we had kids everywhere. Windshield wipers on and off, seats flipping open and shut, juice spilled everywhere, grandpa Sir even got a modern day version of the "hot seat" when his seat heater was turned on unexplicably. Luckily, we were confined to five miles per hour on deserted, private ranch roads. All I can say is God bless the inventor of the car seat.

Somehow, we managed to cross paths with a couple of herds of exotics. I'd like to end this story with a trophy, but after unloading the boy and his toy gun, trying to safely cross a barbed wire fence,

and trying to stalk post deer season weary exotics with the constant happy scream of, "BAM, BAM,BAM...Dad I got one," well, you could imagine we never got close for a shot.

Nap time ended our hunt prematurely, so we retired to camp for some .22 can shooting and a weenie roast over an open fire. We even got to certify a second successful run at the toilet. No really, we were all walked in, by hand, to witness before it was flushed. Even baby sister. I only wish that I could take such pride in such simple things. They teach me a little more every day.

Until next time, keep smiling.

-Critique of "potty humor" can be sent to Drs. Parrish at ParrishDental@aol.com